The Red Mirage

A Story of the French Legion in Algiers

By I. A. R. WYLIE

SYNOPSIS.

When Sylvia Omney, a beautiful English girl, returns from a search in Algiers for her missing brother, her lover, Richard Farquhar, finds she has fallen in love with Captain Arnaud of the Foreign Legion. In Captain Sower's room Farquhar gets deliberately drunk, but when young Preston loses all his money to Lowe, a shady character, Farquhar forces Sower to have Preston's I. O. U.'s returned to him. Farquhar is helped to his rooms by Gabrielle Smith.

"The call of fighters to the fighting man" - do you know what it means to respond to the call of your country when it asks you to defend it against threatening enemies? Imagine what the sound of bugles and tramping feet and the sight of streaming khaki-clad men means to the Englishman these days.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

"Now lie down. Your head is aching furiously I have no doubt, and probably you have work in front of you like other mortals. I have some eaude-Cologne upstairs. Don't jeer. I am going to fetch it."

"Wait a minute. Won't you please tell me your name?"

She put her head a little on one

"Gabrielle-Gabrielle Smith. very euphonious, is it? But one's baptism is the first occasion where the great law concerning the sins of the fathers comes into operation. Now-"

"And won't you tell what you are?" "That's a large question. I wish I knew myself. Officially I am anything from a traveling companion to an unsatisfactory nursemaid, in either case out of a job. Is that what you

He closed his eyes wearily. "I don't know-you have been aw-

fully-decent-it all seems rather like a grotesque, gigantic dream from which I can't wake up-" His voice died away.

When she came back with her eaude-Cologne bottle and a handkerchief be was asleep.

CHAPTER III.

The Great Law in Force.

When Richard Farquhar awoke from his heavy sleep it was broad daylight. He dressed, and by midday was on duty. Those who had witnessed the scene on the preceding night glanced at him curiously, but his face betrayed nothing-neither weariness nor the self-disgust usual on such occasions. They saw he had changed, but the change was indefinable. They saw, also, that, whatever else had happened, be had not apologized to Sower. The two men exchanged the curtest and most perfunctory greeting.

By seven o'clock he stood again in mneys' library, and Sylvia Omney stood on the threshold waiting. She was simply dressed in a dark, clinging material which set off more perfectly the fair sweetness of her features. "You wanted to speak to me, Rich-

ard?" "Yes; it was good of you to come.

I know I hadn't the right to ask. I behaved vilely last night." She looked up into his face with an Innocent wonder.

"Did you? I didn't see it. I only thought that you were just as I had

always believed you to be generous and chivalrous and loyal." He still held her hand, and with a grave courtesy he led her to the great armchair by the fire. She sat there, ber bead bent like a frail flower, and

be turned away from her for a moment, his face colorless. "I want to tell you that I know," he went on quietly. "I thought it would save you trouble if I told you. One

has a fine instinct in these things, and last night I felt suddenly that I had cone out of your life. It hurt me unbearably for a time." "I am to marry Captain Arnaud,"

she said, with a note of defiance in her low voice.

"That can make no difference. take you with me always. You understand?"

"Yes," she said. "Then good-by."

She must have felt that he was bringing up his last reserve of selfcontrol, yet she rose impulsively with outstretched hands. "Good-by, Richard. Forgive me-

and God bless you."

He turned abruptly and left her without answer.

Outside a gray twilight already shrouded the pompous London square, Above the immediate silence there march forward. Richard Farquhar down to him through the ages, the call of fighters to the fighting man, the command of duty. That much was left. Richard Farquhar turned and went homeward.

As he entered and saw Robert Sower blanding by the fireside, his gloved opened. Against the dimly lighted

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hands behind his back, his whole atti- passage outside he recognized the nest tude expressive of a cool self-certainty, his very pulses seemed to stop and then break into a hammering gallop of triumph. He closed the door sharply, and Sower turned. "Well?" Farquhar said quietly.

"I have come for your apology." "Then you have come on a fruitless

errand.

A tremor seemed to pass over Sower's body. The brown, slightly protruding eyes flickered. Suddenly and terribly his self-restraint broke down. you going to do, Mr. Farquhar?"

"I am the Jew, am I not-the son of a Jew?-Very well-now I shall act He began to pace the room with

short, feverish steps. "I am going to tell you something no one has ever heard before. Only three people know it, and they have held their tonguesyour mother and Major Mowbray. No-don't interrupt. You can't silence me with those damned eyes of yours. You've got to listen. You don't remember your father, do you? He was in India when you were a child, and your mother does not speak very often of him. You see how well I know things. But you are very proud of him-and rightly. He was a brilliant soldier and something of an inventor. He invented a gun that, though it would be twenty years old now, would still rank head and shoulders above anything we have. It was unfortunate that he spent more than he had and gambled with what he did not possess. The British government was, as usual, dilatory and parsimonious. Colonel Farquhar offered his invention to a foreign power. My father knew everything. I was a young subaltern at the time. My father felt it his duty

this he and Colonel Farquhar had been intimate. As a last act of friendship he warned your father of his purpose. Your father murdered him. "My father lived a few hours," Sower went on deliberately. "He was a Jew, but he was a great man. He held your father in his power. He could have had his pound of flesh. He

to inform the authorities. Previous to

had mercy. He let your father go-on three conditions. The first condition was that he withdrew his offer to the foreign power, the second that he resigned his commission, the third that he left the country. These things he

"My father died in Africa," Farquhar said.

"So I have been told." There was a long silence. Sower studied the younger man out of the corner of his eyes. There was some thing he did not fully understand-a phase of humanity that did not fit in with his carefully drawn up catalogue This red-hot temperament grown suddenly cold frightened him. It was like handling an unknown explosive.

"Your father signed a confession in vitnesses. You will under stand that in view of the circumstances it was felt necessary to have some hold over him. Here is the paper.'

Farquhar accepted the neatly folded document and took it nearer to the light. He read it carefully without any trace of emotion.

"I understand." He held the paper thoughtfully, as though weighing it. "Of course it is obvious that this is of great value to me. How much do

"I am in no need of money. It is your career or mine," he said. "You must resign. Half an hour since I would have been satisfied with an apology. Farguhar nodded.

"I give you my word of honor that I shall send in my papers tonight in return for this letter."

"I accept your word. The letter is in your hands." Farquhar started slightly and then smiled.

"Ah, I might have burned it. You are a man of remarkable discernment. Well, our bargain is closed. I dare say I have to thank you for your long silence in this matter. But virtue is its own reward. Good night."

Sower took up his hat from the table. He frowned at his own hand, which shook.

"You are confoundedly cool about it all," he said. "One would think you didn't care."

The door closed. Farquhar went life will be of use some day to your back to his writing table. He did not tear up the yellow, faded letter, but propped it against a bronze candlestick and sat there staring at it with blank eyes. Then he began to write. He wrote four letters. One was to the war office. When he had finished he opened a drawer and took out an army unded the note of a bugle, and after revolver, which he examined and then that the long-drawn-out wall of the loaded carefully. He switched off the Spipers. Some regiment on the electric lamp. He went over to the lifted his head and listened. It came sion into the embers. The polished hearth and stamped his father's confes barrel winked like an evil silver eye

> in the reflected firelight, "Mr. Farquhar-are you there?" His hand still lifted, frozen by sur prise into immobility, he saw in the glass opposite him that the door had

silhouette of a woman's figure. The next instant the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was so quiet and dark I did not know you were in. I came for my eau-de-Cologne-" She stopped. He had turned instantly, but not in time. Her eyes rested on his hand. "Oh!" she said under her breath. She closed the door and came quietly across the room till she stood opposite him. "What were

He threw back his head. He was still very young, and in a minute more he had counted on facing the mysteries of life and death. His face was ghastly in its rigid resolve and dread.

"I don't think it's much good lying about it, Miss Smith," he said, with a short laugh.

"No." She nodded. "You were go ing to kill yourself. I have seen that before. My father blew out his brains. It was an act of sudden madness. Money drove him mad. Is it money with you?"

"No. I have lost everything." "There is always the light ahead."

"I don't understand-She turned to him with an expression that was new to him. The small, thin face seemed illuminated with an inward fire

"There is a light somewhere," she sald, and her voice rang with stern enthusiasm. "It must exist-and if it does not exist we must light it ourselves, with our own hands, with our own ideals. We must have it or belleve in it."

His hand, resting on the manielpiece, relaxed. The revolver rang against the marble.

"You say that," he said harshlyyou who have not had a square meal for a fortnight!"

She threw back her head. "Who dared tell you that?" "Never mind. I know it." She said nothing, but the color died



"No," She Nodded, "You Were Going to Kill Yourself."

out of her cheeks. He turned from her and buried his face in his arms, and there was a little silence. Then he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Do you think I should have the courage or the meanness to tell you to go on if I did not know in my own body what going on meant? Disgrace, poverty, loss-I know them all. But one can't throw down one's weapons in the first skirmish. I haven't, and you shan't. Promise me. I am not going to leave you till you do."

"Yes," he said. He held out his hand and she gave him hers. He noticed for the first time that it was white and unusually beautiful in shape. She saw the wonder in his eyes and drew back. "Thank you. I believe that your

self or another. I dare say I shall be even glad that I helped to save it. Good-by." "I may see you again-

"We may meet again, but I think not. I have a job, and am going abroad soon. May I take this with me as a souvenir?"

She had picked up the revolver from the mantelpiece, and their eyes met. "Yes," he said simply.

Once again we see what the Influence of a good woman will do for a man. How do you think Gabrielle Smith will affect Richard's life from this point forward?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROFITABLE TO SELL CREAM

Burdens of Farm Women Lightened and Income Not Decreased-Separator is Most Essential.

Some farmers are churning butter and selling it for less that they would receive from the sale of the cream which is used in making the butter. Prof. C. H. Eckles of the Missouri College of Agriculture points out three very good reasons why it is to the advantage of the Missouri farmers to sell cream rather than to make butter to be sold at the local store. (1) Selling cream means less work for the women than making butter. (2) The cream will nearly always bring as much as the butter and often considerably more. (3) The cream buyers offers a market for any quantity of cream at any time.

Any system that will lighten the duties of the women on the farm without decreasing the income should certainly be adopted. When cream is sold all that is necessary is to see that the cream is cooled after being separated and to take it along to town twice a week in winter and three times in summer.

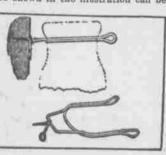
It may be that a few farmers' wives will find special customers that will take the butter at a price equal to that secured for cream, but that does not apply to many. Even then surplus butter will be left on hand at times. Again there may not be enough to supply the customers and dissatisfaction will result. When selling cream these troubles do not come to annoy. Any quantity, much or little, can be sold to the cream buyer at any time and cash received on the spot.

As a rule, unless the homemade but ter can be sold at an average price of 25 cents or more the year around, the income will be more if the cream is sold. At an average of 25 cents the income will be about the same, but a large amount of work will be saved by selling the cream. If the farmer does not have a cream separator he should get one if four cows or more are milked. A machine will more than pay for itself within a year when ten cows are kept by the additional butter saved. Four cows with a separator will make as much butter as five of the same grade without a separator. The fifth one represents the loss in butterfat in the skim milk.

HANDY MILK BOTTLE HOLDER

Contrivance Shown in Illustration Easily Can Be Fastened to Any Convenient Support.

Since bottles have superseded the old-fashioned milk-pail, people have been perplexed to find some method of suspending the bottle out of the reach of cats, dogs, etc. The contrivance shown in the illustration can be



Milk Bottle Holder.

fastened to any convenient support. It consists of a piece of wire curved as shown with the ends bent on.-Inde pendent Farmer.

PASTEURIZED MILK IS BEST

Low Temperature Does Not Affect Nutritive Value or Digestibility of the Product.

When milk is held at 145 degrees F. for 30 minutes, all the disease-producing bacteria, so far as can be ascertained, are completely destroyed. At the same time a larger percentage of the bacteria that cause milk to sour and a smaller percentage of those that cause it to rot are left than when a higher temperature is employed. Pasteurized at a low temperature, milk undergoes no change which affects its nutritive value or its digestibility. Subjection to a temperature of 150 degrees F. or more, however, does result in certain chemical changes. The time is coming when virtually all market milk sold at retail in cities will be pasteurized.

PREVENT GROWTH OF HORNS

In Using Caustic Potash the Applica tion Must Be Made Before Calf Is One Week Old.

Caustic potash is the chemical used for preventing the growth of horn on young calves. The application must be made before the calf is one week old, in order to be effective.

The bair is clipped away from the small buttons which may be felt and which are the future horns. A stick of caustic potash is then moistened and rubbed on the spot until the skin bleeds slightly.

The calves must not be permitted to run out in the rain for several days after the application of the caustic, as the water is likely to wash the caustic down into the eyes with damaging results.

SORE SHOULDERS OF HORSES

Don't Let Animais Work Single Hour in III-Fitting Collars-Be Watchful in Spring.

(By GEORGE H. GLOVER, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collina, Colo.)
We know how annoying it is to be obliged to lay a horse off in the midst of spring's work, on account of sore shoulders or sore neck.

Do not forget that it is your own

Some men always make sore shoulders, some never do. A good man is often seen in front of his horses, adjusting their collars and hames. Don't let a horse work an hour in an illfitting collar.

The greatest care is needed in the spring when work first starts, for the horse will shrink and the collar will soon be too large. A collar that is too large will injure the shoulders more than one that is too tight.

Imagine a man trying to play base ball before his hands have become toughened. A horse works with his shoulders. Keep them well. Look at them several times a day. Keep the shoulders and the collar clean. If a shoulder gets sore it is the driver's fault; hold him responsible.

"WARBLE" GRUBS IN SPRING

Presence of Insects Is Found in Tumore on Backs of Cattle-Plan for Removing.

(By G. W. HOWARD, Minnesota Station.) Owners of cattle should be on the lookout for warbles on the backs of their animals this spring.

Evidence of the presence of these flies is found in tumors or warbles on the backs of cattle. In the spring or early summer from these warbles drop grubs which burrow into the ground and after about a month emerge as flies. These flies lay their eggs on the legs of cattle, the cattle lick the eggs off, and after a time the warbles appear on the backs of the

The grubs may be removed by pressure around the warbles, and then crushed; or they may be destroyed by the injection of grease or oil into the openings of the tumors.

In Europe from 20 to 40 drops of tincture of iodine is sometimes injected to kill the grubs.

PORTABLE RACK FOR FEEDING

So Simple In Construction That Bill of Material Is Not Necessary-It is Easily Moved.

This race is so simple of construction that we give no material bill for it. Besides, the length and width will depend upon your individual needs.

You can hitch a team to one end of this unique rack and easily move it.



Portable Feed Rack,

The runners are of 2 by 6s, the framework of 2 by 4s and the slats forming the "V" trough are 1 by 4s. The plan clearly shows how to make this feed rack.-Farmers Mall and Breeze.

BUSINESS OF THE BROOD SOW

Fallure to Produce Good-Sized Litters and Nourish Them Often Due to Lack of Milk.

The business of the brood sow is to produce good-sized litters of healthy pigs and nourish them liberally until weaning time. In so far as she fails in this she fails in the purpose for

which she is kept. The farmer who keeps a half dozen or a dozen sows for breeding purposes finds half of them, perhaps, capable of fulfilling the maternal function well, while the other half do it only indifferently. Quite as often as not the difficulty is the lack of capacity to give milk enough for the litter, and the pigs are in a state of semi-starvation throughout the entire nursing period.

RIDDING PASTURES OF BURS

Pests Not Only Cause Annoyance to the Sheep Owner, but Decrease Price of Wool.

Nothing is so trying to the sheep owner as burs. Be as careful as he will, these pests will spring up, causing not only annoyance, but often loss. A fleece infected with matted burs always sells for less than clean wool. Thus, burn are a direct loss to every flock keeper.

The remedy? Only one-rid the pas ture fields. That's another story, if there are many, but cultivated crops, a system of rotation, and constant use of the hoe will rid any farm of this serious weed yest.

TRY DARKENING YOUR GRAY HAIR WITHOUT DYES

Shampoo your hair and scalp each morning for about a week with Q-Ban-Hair Color Restorer. If your hair be gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray or faded, brittle, thin or falling. all your hair will then be beautifully darkened and to such a natural, oven. dark shade no one would suspect that you had applied Q-Ban. Q-Ban is no dye, perfectly harmless, but makes all your hair soft, fluffy, thick, with that Justrous dark shimmer which makes your hair so fascinating. Big bottle sent prepaid or sold by druggists for 50c. Address Q-Ban Laboratories, Momphis, Tenn.-Adv.

Never judge a man's worth by what a woman values him at in a breach of-promise suit.

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imita-tion has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dya. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

When a woman loses all interest in the fashions it is up to the undertaker to get busy.

It Is Good for Man.

To heal cuts, sores, burns, lameness and other external ailments quickly use Hanford's Balsam. It is a valuable household remedy and should always be kept in every home. Adv.

There is nothing in words unleas they are properly strung together.

If your horse is kicked, or cut by barbed wire, apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The only way to successfully argue with a woman is to keep silent.

CUTICURA COMFORTS BABY

Suffering From Itching, Burning Rashes, Eczema, etc. Trial Free,

Give baby a bath with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of Soap. Dry lightly and apply Cuticura Ointment gently to all affected parts. Instant relief follows and baby falls intoa refreshing sleep, the first perhaps in weeks. Nothing more effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Why He Resembled His Parents. A bachelor friend of the young conple was being entertained at dinner, and during the evening he was presented by the proud mother to her infant son.

"Now, Fred, which of us do you think he is like?" she asked gayly, holding up the baby for inspection, The guest viewed the tiny mite for a moment as he replied: "Well, of course intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but

he's wonderfully like both of you!"-

Youth's Companion.

How It Impressed Him. Willie's father was trying to impress upon him the tremendous progress that science and invention have made

in the past 50 years. "Just think, Willie," he said, "When I was a boy there were no telephones, no electric lights, no talking machines, moving pictures, no X-rays, no wireless telegraphy, no-"

"Gee," interrupted Willie. "What an awful lot of bicks everybody must have been!"

At the Museum.

"Is that the artist's name in big letters on the picture, pop?" "No, my son. That is the name of the rich man who presented the picture to the museum. You will find the artist's name in very small letters down in the lower right-hand cor-

GLASS OF WATER Uppet Her.

ner."

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once.

"The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble, I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to est my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to est, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day.

"Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed 'so heavy,' I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me and that my return to health is due to it.

"I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food." "There's a Reason," Namo given

by Postum Co., Hattle Creek, Mich.